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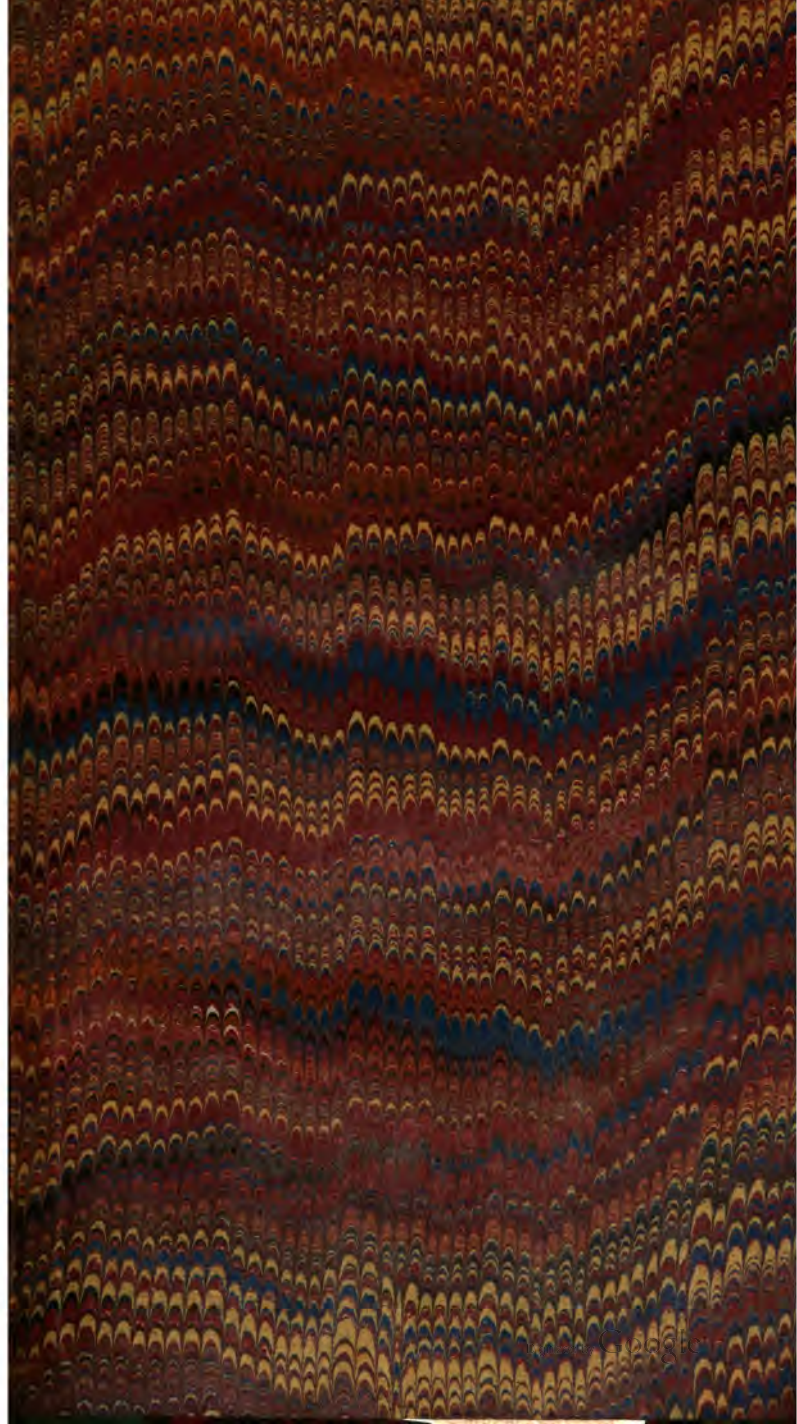
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COBBETT'S GRIDIRON:

WRITTEN TO WARN
FARMERS OF THEIR DANGER;
AND TO PUT
LANDHOLDERS, MORTGAGERS,
LENDERS, BORROWERS, THE LABOURING,
AND INDEED
ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY
ON THEIR GUARD.



“The Boroughmongers have resolved to return to Cash Payments. To resolve, my Friends, is an easy matter; but, if they execute their resolution, though it has now assumed the shape of a Law, I will give Castlereagh leave to put me upon a GRIDIRON, while Sidmouth stirs the fire, and Canning stands by making a jest of my writhing and my groans.”—*Register*, Nov. 13, 1819.

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COBBETT'S GRIDIRON :

WRITTEN

To warn Farmers of their danger, and to put Landholders, Mortgagers, Lenders, Borrowers, the Labouring, and, indeed, All Classes of the Community upon their guard.

MY WORTHY FRIENDS !

THE first number of a new Daily Paper, to be called "COBBETT'S GRIDIRON," was to have appeared at the opening of the present session of parliament. Its professed design was, "To warn the Farmers of their danger, and to put Landholders, Mortgagers, Lenders, Borrowers, and, indeed, all Classes of the Community upon their guard." Nothing more laudable could, in the present state of the country, have been devised : and, therefore, that Mr. Cobbett should be under the necessity of abandoning his intention, must be a subject of deep regret with all those who look up to his knowledge, his industry, his perseverance, his experience, his consistency, and his incorruptibility, for the complete restoration of our beloved country. To diminish that regret, as much as may be—to warn you, my excellent friends, the Farmers of England, of your danger—to put all and every one of you upon your guard—to arm you with Facts against Assertion—to prevent you from being duped by Trading Politicians and Sham Patriots—and to induce you to look to the Character and Actions of men, and not to their Professions, you are presented with this little Manual. It is my ambition to furnish you with a TEXT BOOK, which may be conned over at your fire-sides, be taken to all your public meetings, and be read with advantage from every Market-cross and Church-porch throughout the kingdom. The matters contained in it come home to the bosoms and business of ALL : and I shall endeavour to place them in so clear a light, that no one who reads me, shall need any farther information on the subject.

2. It is extremely natural for persons in distress to lend a ready ear to any Impostor who boasts of possessing an Infallible Specific for the evils under which they labour. The desire of life is so strong, that those who have little faith in the abilities of a Quack, will nevertheless apply to him, either because he professes to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because, like drowning men, they catch at every straw, and hope for that relief from the most ignorant, which the most skilful cannot give. Love of life in the one, and of lucre in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

3. Permit me, my worthy friends, to illustrate my position by a short story :—A Mountebank, in the reign of George the First, having, by the assistance of a Confederate, and the customary tricks of his Merry Andrew, collected an audience in a country town, addressed them as follows :

"Being a native of this place, I have long been considering in what manner I can show my regard for my brother townsmen ; and, after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to the resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I own, be a heavy expense ; and I do therefore earnestly hope that no one will attempt to profit from my liberality, who is not really a parishioner."

The multitude pressed forward with open eyes and mouths, casting wistful looks at a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this generous man.

"I know you are not so sordid," continued the Orator, "as to value my bounty, merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets. Money, my good people, too often tempts the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the destruction of their health and understanding. In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for a benefit from being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsman"—[dipping his hand into the green velvet bag]—"this inestimable packet; which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaister which hath not its fellow in Europe. The selling prices of these matchless remedies have been six shillings from time immemorial; but, as I do not practice physic for the love of dirty pelf, if you will each of you hand me up the small sum of one shilling, just to pay travelling charges, and the wages of my man Carlos, I freely and conscientiously make you a present of the rest of the money.

A small number of the crowd beginning to smell a rat, sheered off; but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings. The Mountebank's ostentatious palaver, together with the smirk on his ruddy countenance, had diffused a magic gleam over his powder of post, his rosin, and his jalap. A shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his "brother townsmen" of their money, and emptying the green velvet bag of the "inestimable" six shilling packets. The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction; and the artist owned, at an inn, in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the net profit of his day's cajolery was five and twenty guineas. Here ends my story. But, as what is got over the Devil's back, is generally spent under his belly, it is neither rash nor uncharitable to presume, that the impudent Impostor, dissipating the fruits of his knavery, as such animals usually do, made, after exhibiting his brazen front through a pillory, his last public appearance at the gallows.

4. Atrocious, however, as is the conduct of those wretched Quacks, who, for mercenary purposes, thus defraud the poor of their money, and the sick of their health; infinitely more so is that of *The Political Mountebank*, who, after having branded the Farmers of England as "*the most brutally stupid*" portion of the community, endeavours, in the hour of distress, to enrich himself at their expense, by palming upon them, as Infallible Specifics for all their grievances, nostrums, a thousand times more deleterious than the drugs of the poor mountebank in my story. The powder of post, the rosin, and the jalap of the latter, may, perchance, disorder the stomach and slightly affect the head; but, the wretched trash which it is the object of the Political Impostor, in his postings up and down the country, to force you, my friends, into the purchase of, not only affects the head but the heart; and, while it robs the patient of his money, takes from him that, without the possession of which, life is a curse instead of a blessing. To put you completely on your guard against the innumerable hocus-pocus tricks of an eminent Juggler of this stamp, and to afford you an opportunity of convincing him, that you are not the "gulls and brutes" which he has proclaimed you to be, is the object of "**COBBETT'S GRIDIRON.**"

5. But, before I proceed, it may not be amiss to let you know what your "*Friend*" William Cobbett (as he now pretends himself to be) has of late been doing. For several years this gifted patriot found a ready market for his wares, not only in the metropolis, but in all the manufacturing districts. He never picked up less he assures us, by the sale of his *Weekly Specific*, than fifteen hundred pounds, and at one time more than ten thousand guineas a year "clear gain." With the Weaver Boys of Lancashire, the Cotton Spinners of Manchester, the Luddites, and the Blanketeers, his labours were, at one time, in such paramount repute, that they occasionally presented him with Addresses, "closely written in six columns, each being thirty-seven feet long;" while his "beloved and admired countrywomen," the wives of these honest artisans,

as "trifling tributes to transcendent talent," transmitted to him in many writing desks, steel pens, silver milk jugs, and plated tea-pots. But, so fickle a jade is Fortune, that some bow or other, your "Friend" fell from his high estate into great disrepute with these "honest artizans"—partly, from an attempt to squeeze two-pence each from *six hundred thousand* of them—partly, from having imported from America the Bones, as most people think, of a poor negro, but as he himself says, of the celebrated Thomas Paine, with the mercenary view of exhibiting them at so much a head—but principally, from the complete overthrow of his thirteen years predictions; by which his fame as a prophet was totally ruined, and he himself rendered an object of universal ridicule and contempt.

6. Treatment so unmerited was calculated to break the stoutest heart: but the strong desire to restore his "beloved country" to health and vigour, bore him up against even this injustice. In casting about, your "Friend" bethought himself, that, of all the classes of the community, the Farmers were the only class, to whom the fame of his nostrums had not extended. He determined, therefore, on making a Progress through the country; for the purpose of explaining to you, the Causes of your Disorder, and the excellency of his infallible Remedy. And as in all matters of *hocus-pecus*, no step can be taken without the aid of a Jack Pudding, he secured, in the towns he was about to visit, a Confederate of this description. The ancient city of Norwich was the first scene of operations. Here, the Confederate caused it to be given out, that the eminent "moral and political" Doctor would dine with the Farmers on the ensuing market-day. On his arrival, the Doctor paraded the city, and visited the Corn-market, where, he tells us, "from fifteen hundred to two thousand" Farmers were assembled. Deplorable, however, to relate, when the dinner hour arrived, only *sixty* persons could be found to sit down with the Great Man; and, of that number, fourteen were Norwegian wags, enticed thither by curiosity, to behold the far-famed Importer of Old Bones. And this, the "moral and political" Doctor ludicrously calls, an "Entertainment" given to him by the Farmers of Norfolk as a "mark of respect!"

7. Your "Friend's" next exhibition was at Huntingdon; where an amusing Buffoon, the better to secure a company, had caused a Notice to be issued, stating, that the "illustrious" Doctor was about to honour the town with a visit, and would bring down "*the Means of Effectual Relief*." Similar impositions were played off at Lynn, Chichester, Lewes, Brighton, and elsewhere. The following is a fair specimen of what has taken place at these Dinners, in honour of the Political Galen. As soon as the cloth is removed, up starts the Confederate, and, at the end of a speech surcharged with nauseous panegyric, in which the Doctor is designated as "the Atlas of England," the "Enlightener of Europe," the "truly political Solomon of the Age," &c. he sits down, with proposing the health of their "Illustrious Guest." Upon this, the "truly political Doctor Solomon" mounts the table, and, with a smirk on his countenance, harangues his audience in a set speech, compounded of "Paper against Gold," "Peel's Bill," and his own miraculous Predictions. He tells the Farmers, that he feels—deeply feels—for their distressed situation, and has succeeded, after incessant labour, in discovering an Infallible Specific for their sufferings. He instances the case of a Farmer who, by taking the *Specific weekly* for twelve months, has actually cleared *fifty pounds*; and concludes (almost in the words of the Mountebank in our story) by assuring the company, that, as he does not practice "for the love of dirty lucre," he has come to the resolution of vending it in *weekly packets* at the trifling sum of six-pence; thereby making a clear present of 48*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* annually to every purchaser. The "generous man" then sits down, amidst thunders of applause; while a buz runs round the room, that a supply of the Doctor's Political Balm of Gilead, may be instantly had of his man-Carlos, in an adjoining apartment. Such, my friends, are the Meetings which are represented to be "Public Dinners" given by the Farmers to the "truly political

Solomon!" What the nett profits of each day's cajolery may have been, I have not ascertained; but, that the Artist laughs in his sleeve at the dupe he is making of you, no man in his senses can for one moment doubt.

8. It is the practice of the Impostor, at these Meetings, to intreat his audience not to believe any thing that "Corruption's Press" may put forth against him; and he furthermore begs them "*to take nothing on trust, but to try every thing they hear or read by the test of their own judgment.*" Now, in order that you, my worthy friends, may have the means of trying every thing by the "test of your own judgment," I am about to present you with a *Compendium of the Principles and Precepts and Designs* of WILLIAM COBBETT, as I find those principles and precepts and designs published to the world in the forty volumes of his Political Register. I shall give chapter and verse for every thing: and there shall not be, throughout my Compendium, a single extract, which shall not convey to you the precise sense and meaning intended to be conveyed to you by the Writer himself.

9. For some years past, your "Friend" has been calling upon us to prepare for him a GRIDIRON—a "broad-barred" Gridiron—on which he has invited us to "*broil him alive,*" if a certain prediction which he had hazarded should not be fulfilled. The prediction has been falsified, and, though you are, in consequence, challenged by the baffled prophet to give him a *broiling*, let me earnestly intreat you to subject his WHITINGS, and not the MAN himself, to the Fiery Ordeal. On looking over the Catalogue of Puffs, put forth by his Confederates, I find it to contain TWELVE leading Assertions or Propositions, respecting him; and which Assertions or Propositions, we will, in order to give them a name, call, if you please, "COBBETT'S CARDINAL VIRTUES:" These twelve "VIRTUES" we will subject to TWELVE TURNS on our GRIDIRON. If, like the precious metals, your "Friend" should come purified and undamaged from the fire, we will acknowledge him to be the "truly Political Solomon." If, on the other hand, you find that the men who have introduced him to your Meetings have grossly imposed on your credulity, it will be your bounden duty, not only to drive the Mountebank from your presence, but to chastise the unprincipled wretches who brought him amongst you.

TWELVE TURNS ON COBBETT'S GRIDIRON.

In which the Twelve Cardinal Virtues ascribed to Him by his Confederates, at the recent Meetings of the Farmers at Norwich, Huntingdon, Lynn, Chichester, Lewes, Brighton, and elsewhere, are put in contrast with his Principles, Precepts, and Projects, as contained in the forty volumes of his Political Writings.

TURN THE FIRST.

VIRTUE THE FIRST.—"*That your illustrious Friend, William Cobbett, the Atlas of England, the Great Enlightener of the People, and the truly Political Solomon, is no Vain Boaster—no Bobadil of Patriotism—and would rather be flayed alive, than publish to the world the extraordinary Feats which he either has performed, or is able to perform.*"

"Is it not monstrous" exclaims your illustrious Friend, "to suppose, that

I should praise myself, and show that I believe myself destined to be the Atlas of the British nation?" It certainly is "monstrous". In going over his Writings I, nevertheless, find innumerable passages, which not only savour of "self-praise," but show, that your "Friend" actually does fancy himself "destined to be the Atlas of the British nation:" For example:

1. "I will allow of no living competitor: nor of any dead one, except Paine." v. 30, p. 90.

2. "I have been 'the Great Enlightener of the People'" v. 35, p. 486.

3. "I made Wisdom to come forth out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." v. 32, p. 530.

4. "My stock of reputation and of popular confidence is exceeded by that of no man." v. 35, p. 501.

5. "There is in England no subject which excites so much public interest, as the character and conduct of William Cobbett." v. 16, p. 117.

6. "Had I not written, it is hardly possible to conceive the base and dejected state in which the nation would have been." v. 35, p. 486.

7. "If there had been a man in parliament to speak my pamphlets, England would, at this day, have been free and happy." v. 33, p. 453.

8. "What I have written since October will produce more effect, and do more good in the world, than all that has, for a hundred years, been written by all the members of the University of Oxford." v. 40, p. 1385.

9. "Instead of Locke, Smith, and Hume, Mr. Peel should read my 'Paper against Gold.'" v. 38, p. 391.

10. "In what way can I be more famed than I am? How am I to add to my present stock?" v. 35, p. 220.

11. "What a figure shall I make in the history of these times!" v. 41, p. 198.

12. "In one month, I should be able to suggest the means of effecting, in a comparatively short time, the complete restoration of the country."

p. 63. "If I were in parliament, I would point out the means. Not being there, I will point out none. *My beloved Countrymen think of these things!*" v. 36, p. 21.

With these disgusting specimens of bloated vanity before you, I am confident you will never again suffer any of his Buffoons to tell you, that this impudent Swaggerer had rather "be flayed alive, than publish to the world the extraordinary feats which he either has performed, or is able to perform." What says the true Solomon? "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips. Seeth thou a man wise in his own eyes, there is more hope of a fool than of him." My beloved countrymen, "*think of these things!*"

TURN THE SECOND.

VIRTUE THE SECOND.—"That your illustrious Friend, the
"Atlas of England, &c., has ever stood upon the adamantine
"Principle of Morality; 'Truth is great, and she will
"prevail.'"

1. In the "moral" Writings of your "illustrious Friend" we are instructed, that "all serious falsehoods are criminal, and ought to be exposed;" that "a lie bound down to dates is difficult to be kept up;" and that "by the standard of truth he is always ready to be judged." Let us examine whether his actions accord with his professions. In your "Friend's" Register

for January 7th, 1810; he says, "I never read Paine's 'Age of Reason' until the 11th of last December," and, in his address to the Freemen of Coventry, in March 1820, there are these words:

"As to Paine's 'Age of Reason,' I never read a page of it, until within these two months; when I read it in consequence of what had been said about it in the House of Lords."

The proverb tells us, that "Lies have short legs." Compare, I intreat you, this solemn assertion, with the following unqualified declaration in his Register for May 1812:

"I have had in my possession Paine's 'Age of Reason,' ever since the year 1796. I never read a line of either of the parts, till the period of 'Mr. Eaton's prosecution. I have now read them all; and I do not find in them any of that ribaldry or mockery, that have been so much talked of. They are sober, argumentative essays."

What think you now, my friends? Has the "illustrious" man always stood upon "the adamant principle?" You here find him asserting, in March 1820, that he had never read a line of a book, every page of which he confesses he had read in May 1812! This is pretty well. But, what will you say, when I show you, that, so far back as 1796, your "Friend" actually published in America, and republished in London in 1801, a pamphlet, intitled "Observations on the Age of Reason," in which pamphlet he stigmatizes that performance, as "the wild, incoherent blasphemy of a wretch, who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even Eunuch, for an extraordinary biscuit or a bundle of straw;" and declares, that the motive that led the "ragamuffin Deist" to compose this work, "was no other than that of saving his ugly uncombed locks from the guillotine?" What your "Friend" has since proposed to do with those "ugly uncombed locks," will hereafter be seen.

I will give you one more instance of your "Friend's" adherence to the "adamantine principle of morality." In 1810, he was convicted of writing a public libel. Terrified at the prospect of a prison, the "Atlas of England" made an Offer to the Government to drop his Register, and never to write again, provided he was not called up to receive judgment. Mr. Perceval, the then prime minister, rejected the proposition with scorn, and "Atlas" was accordingly sentenced to Newgate for two years. Some time after this, he was charged by "The Times" newspaper, with having made this Offer to Government; to which charge he gave the two following flat contradictions:

1. "As to the charge, that I opened a negotiation with the Government, for making the dropping of the Register a condition upon which forgiveness was to be obtained; all that I can say is, that it is wholly *destitute of truth*; that it has been invented, as much as any fairy tale ever was invented." p. 22, p. 93, A. D. 1812.

2. "Walter says, that I made a proposition to the Government, that if I were not brought up for judgment, I never would publish another Register or any other thing. *The charge is basely false. No proposition, of any sort, was ever made by me, or by my authority, to the Government.*" p. 33, p. 42, A. D. 1813.

Is it possible, my worthy friends, for disavowal to be more distinct? Distinct, however, as it is, it was nevertheless proved on oath, in the Court of King's Bench, on the 11th of December 1820, by John Reeves, esq., that Cobbett had made the Offer above mentioned. [Cobbett's Trial, p. 42]. The following words form part of the Offer itself:

"I never will again, upon any account, write, publish, write, or contribute towards, any newspaper, or other publication of that nature, so long as I live."
—WM. COBBETT, 26th June 1810.

So stoutly did "Atlas" adhere to the falsehood, that his late friend, Mr. Hunt, states, in his "Memoirs," that he was never convinced that Cobbett had palmed this impudent lie upon the world, until he had read the above-mentioned evidence of Mr. Reeves. Thus rejected by those who best knew him, the Impostor is now striving to practise his delusions on you, the distressed Farmers of England, whom he has in a hundred places, represented as "*the most brutally stupid*" portion of the community. The attempt will, I trust, fail him. "A righteous man hateth lying; but the wicked man is loathsome, and cometh to shame."

TURN THE THIRD.

VIRTUE THE THIRD.—"*That to be considered a steady, consistent Patriot, and to be regarded, in the good old phrase, as 'a True Man,' has ever been the highest ambition of your illustrious Friend.*" v. 11, p. 66.

"Shameful tergiversation," says your "illustrious" Friend, "is a thing which I abhor, and which must be abhorred by every man not totally destitute of principle." Notwithstanding his loud professions of consistency, there is not, in the whole range of public men and measures, during the last five-and-twenty years, one of either class, which your "Friend" has not alternately bespattered with *Praise* or loaded with *Abuse*, precisely as Thrift promised to follow either mode. Nay, his political coat has been so often turned and patched, that it is become a perfect Harlequin's jacket. If a digest could be made of all his doctrines—if the sentiments of the Operator published at various times, could be put in *direct opposition* to each other—if we could have all these before us in a single view, they would present a mass sufficient to shame the most impudent candidate for the whipping-post or the pillory. Unfortunately, I have only room for a few specimens. In the left-hand column, you will find the *Praise*, and in the right-hand column the *Abuse*.

PRAISE.

1. The Americans are the least criminal people in the whole world. v. 34, p. 550.

2. I owe great gratitude to this sensible and brave people, the Americans, and to their wise, gentle, and just Government, for having preserved from the fangs of despotism one spot of the globe. v. 82, p. 523.

3. America is well-governed, and so happy are the people, that there is no misery in the land. There are not as many crimes committed there in a year, as are committed in England in one week, or perhaps one day. v. 31, p. 364.

4. The memory of that able writer and profound politician, Thomas

ABUSE.

The Americans are the most unprincipled people in the whole world. v. 13, p. 490.

I know of no cause in which my life would be lost with so little regret on my part, as in demolishing the towns of America, and in burying their unprincipled inhabitants under the rubbish. v. 13, p. 496.

The Government of America is one of the very worst in the world. There is no such thing as real liberty in the country. The people are the most prodigiously dishonest that I have ever heard described. v. 19, p. 469.

To Pain, I beneath a strong hempen collar, as the only legacy

PRAISE.

Paine, is calumniated by all the corrupt, the foolish, and the ungrateful. v. 33, p. 59.

5. In no part of the "Age of Reason" does Paine speak in terms of impious irreverence of God: he praises God, and calls upon his readers to reverence his name; and this, too, in a strain of eloquence, the equal of which I never met with in any sermon. v. 35, p. 725.

6. Though Thomas Paine was no Christian, he was no Blasphemer: he offers no indignity unto God himself. v. 35, p. 725.

7. Paine's "Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance" conveys more useful knowledge upon this subject than is to be found in the three score and two financiers who have written on our money system. v. 20, p. 9.

8. Read Paine, this famous Englishman; this true Englishman; this son of the Lower Orders; this honour to his country and to the human mind. v. 34, p. 890.

9. Burke's Works are the true touchstone in politics. v. 2, p. 508. Mr. Burke was the most eloquent of orators, the profoundest of statesmen, the ornament of his country, and the prop of sinking liberty, morality, and religion. v. 7 p. 103.

10. Destroy the infernal race of Jacobins, good Pitt, and I will bless thee while living, and when thou art dead, I will make a bare-footed pilgrimage to thy tomb. v. 8, p. 33.

11. Mr. Fox was wonderfully gifted in the faculty of perceiving and of judging, and one whose heart and mind were always disposed to the right side. v. 11, p. 593.

12. I have always regarded Lord Grenville as a steady, a wise, and an upright statesman, having neither tinsel nor trick, whereby to lure, cajole, and deceive the people. v. 9, p. 199.

13. As to all the concerns and relationships of private life, it would be difficult to find a better man than Mr. Perceval. I believe him to be extremely anxious for the independence of his country. v. 11, p. 857.

ABUSE.

that is worthy of him, as well as best adapted to render his death as infamous as his life. v. 5, p. 204.

The "Age of Reason," is as despicable as its author. The wretch has all his life been employed in leading fools astray from their duty. His religion is of a piece with his politics; one inculcates the right of revolting against Government, and the other against God. v. 3, p. 389.

Paine was a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian. He was a traitor; and a traitor is the foulest fiend upon earth. v. 4.

Paine's "Decline," &c. is of equal merit with the rest of his writings. All his predictions have remained unfulfilled. It is extremely favourable for British Bank notes, that he who doubts of their solidity, will not believe in the Bible. v. 4.

What shall be said of those who spread the infamous Writings of Paine, and thereby sow the seeds of vice, inquietude, and despair? v. 4, p. 326.

Burke was a reptile alarmist, an apostate, the worst of mankind. Only think of "the Burke School!" Just as if that unprincipled declaimer were the founder of some set of rules and maxims, in politics and government! v. 34, p. 1007.

Never will England be what it ought to be, until the marble of Pitt's monument is converted into a monument to the memory of Paine. v. 35, p. 132.

The only object of Mr. Fox's visit to Buonaparte, was to make himself minister of this country by his means. "Into their assembly come not thou my soul!" v. 2, pp. 222, 263.

Lord Grenville's whole political life has been one continued series of violations of the constitution. A. R. p. 323.—What does this weak-headed, this blunt-witted lord mean? v. 34, p. 534.

Amongst the mass of the people, the assassination of Perceval has been a subject of great joy. He was, at once, one of the most cruel as well as corrupt and hypocritical of men. A. R. p. 138.

PRAISE.

14. Sir Samuel Romilly is allowed, on all hands, to be the most able lawyer in England, and a man of spotless reputation. *A. R. p. 623.*

15. I look upon sir Samuel Romilly as having done more service to his country, than all our generals in Spain and Portugal have done since the beginning of the war. *v. 19, p. 802.*

16. No man doubts the integrity of sir F. Burdett. *A. R. p. 738.*

17. Sir Francis Burdett has never deviated from the path of political rectitude. Learned, eloquent, and sober, he is a most formidable foe to corruption. *A. R. p. 657.*—On his integrity, his courage, and his ability, we have all a firm reliance. *v. 31, p. 179.*—He has devoted his life to the liberties of his country. *v. 31, p. 311.*

18. Sir F. Burdett is the least conceited man I ever saw. *A. R. p. 783.*

19. We feel that Sir Francis Burdett is our best friend: We participate in his principles. We rely on his talents and integrity. *v. 11, p. 590.*

20. Buonaparté was represented as an usurper, and an oppressor. The representation was untrue, *v. 32, p. 475.*

21. My thorough conviction is, that nothing short of Universal Suffrage would be just. *v. 31, p. 546.*

22. How will any man dare to call himself a Reformer who will not abstain from the use of that disgusting thing tobacco! The French taught me the habit of taking *Snuff*. But it has required only a very little effort to get rid of the filthy encumbrance. *v. 35, p. 695. Jan. 1830.*

23. He that can call the Old Monarchical Government of France the worst of despotisms, would little scruple to brand St. Lewis, Henry 4th, and Lewis 16th, with the name of tyrants. *W. v. 5, p. 95.*

24. To every man who has the zeal to come forward in the discovery of infernal plots, is given the appellation of Spy. This has had much influence on weak minds. Your good-natured, peaceable man cannot bear the name of *spy* or *informer*: he

ABUSE.

The death of this unfortunate lawyer, seems to have puzzled exceedingly the swarm of canters, of whom he was the great leader. *v. 34, p. 248.*

What need we to care about the death of Romilly—a man, whose life was of no consequence to the country; whose talents were of no use to us; and about whom such a loud howl has been set up? *v. 34, p. 923.*

The word of sir Francis Burdett is not worth a straw. *v. 34, p. 415.*

To reason with such a man as Burdett would be absurd. He must be combatted with weapons very different from a pen. We abhor the principles and conduct of the man; we detest and loath him; we would trample upon him for his false, base, and insolent assertions respecting our sovereign. *v. 2, p. 84.*

The conceit of the Baronet is intolerable. *v. 34, p. 320.*

The Baronet is hated by the few, and despised by the many. Towards him, not one single soul in the country has a friendly feeling. *v. 34, p. 423.*

Buonaparté was an Usurper, a Rebel, a Tyrant, and an Apostate. *v. 2, p. 801.*

Talk not to me of your Sovereign People and your Universal Suffrage. They are empty sounds. *v. 7, p. 289.*

During the time of the Coventry election one of the corners of my *Snuff Box*, which stuck out beyond the bottom of my little finger, did good service. It cut the eyes and noses of the savages at a famous rate. *v. 36, p. 102. March, 1830.*

As to the cruelties of the House of Bourbon previous to the Revolution in France, the bare enumeration of them would fill volumes. They were the most cruel tyrants that Europe ever saw. *v. 31, p. 819.*

The Spy System has been openly defended by Mr. Brougham, at the very moment when he was negotiating with ministers the terms upon which the Queen was to be kept out of England. The man that could openly defend that system, was too far gone

ABUSE.

PRAISE.

would sooner see his wife and children burnt in their beds. I think, however, that the man who shall bring the leaders of conspiracy to the halter, deserves as well of his country, as he who sheds his blood in its defence. *W. v. 8, p. 225.*

25. The insolent hirelings call the People the "mob," the "rabble," the "scum," the "Swinish Multitude." Will they never cease to look upon them as brutes? *v. 31, p. 450.*

26. The Lower Orders have a hundred thousand times more talent than the Higher Orders. *v. 34, p. 979.*—Questions of Political Economy are as familiar to them as buttermilk, and oat-meal. *v. 32, p. 1042.*

27. The friendship of the Mob is now a very valuable possession. *v. 34, p. 305.*—We have now an intelligent, a reading people. *v. 32, p. 472.*—The Reformers can form themselves into little reading parties, and buy my paper. *v. 35, p. 575.*—Two or three journeymen can spare a half-penny or three farthings each a week. *v. 31, p. 499.*

This last instance of your "Friend's" love of consistency speaks volumes. So long as the Lower Orders contrived to go on without his Writings, they were "the stupid public," "the silly people;" but, the moment they began to spend "a half-penny or three farthings each a week" upon his paper, he, all of a sudden, discovers that they are "an intelligent, reading people," possessing "ten thousand times more talent than the Higher Orders," and that "questions of political economy are as familiar to them as buttermilk and oatmeal." How can we, my friends, on any fair principle, account for the change of opinion in the other instances I have given? The perpetual intoxication of vanity may have occasioned it: envy may have occasioned it: deep-settled, rancorous malignity may have occasioned it: or, it may have been the result of cold, calculating avarice: but, from integrity and manly virtue, it is utterly impossible that such a change should proceed. Yet, this is the individual who ventures to charge sir Francis Burdett with inconsistency, and to record of the late Mr. Fox, that "the wonder was, not how such a man could hold up his head, but how he could bear to exist under the proof of such shameful tergiversation!"

TURN THE FOURTH.

VIRTUE THE FOURTH.—*"That the Prophetic Powers of the illustrious Cobbett stand unrivalled, and that all his Predictions have been fully accomplished."*

"For the last 13 years" says the "illustrious" Cobbett, "I have been

in political wickedness ever to retrace his steps. It was a thing that showed clearly that the man who did it was under the restraint of no principle whatever. *v. 37, p. 877.*

There is no falsehood too gross for the Swinish Multitude to swallow. *P. p. 182.*—Give me any thing but mobs; for mobs are the devil in his worst shape. *W. v. 3, p. 63.*

Through all my volumes, there will not be found one single sentiment calculated to obtain favour with the senseless multitude. A flatterer of the Mob is the most despicable of parasites. *v. 3, p. 782.*

The people are, 1. "a boisterous host;" 2. "the ignorant multitude;" 3. "that many-headed monster, the versatile, venal, stupid, and ferocious mob;" 4. "a set of beings whom I cannot call men;" 5. "wretches, rough-headed wretches;" 6. "the stupid public;" 7. "two-legged brutes;" 8. "the silly people of England." *v. 1, passim.*

foretelling ruin to the nation. I have been abused, insulted, scoffed at, for my Predictions. But I have persevered in spite of persecutions, under which many a man would have first lost his senses, and next his life." Of the cruelty and injustice of this treatment, you will judge, from the following specimens of his "prophetic powers." It may not be amiss to observe, that while Francis Moore of the "Loyal Almanack," and Sir Willon Lilly Brachm, of the "Prophetic," have been dealing out awful prognostications of change in Church and State, and foretelling the downfall of the Turk and the "Scarlet Whore of Rome," the attention of our modern Merlin has been chiefly turned to the overthrow of the "Old Hag of Threadneedle street."

1. "No diminution of the quantity of Bank Notes can take place. v. 16, p. 408. A. D. 1809.

2. "Mr. Ricardo will see the New Jerusalem before the Bank Paper be restored to sterling value." v. 19, p. 841. A. D. 1811.

3. "Is the rise in the price of silver to stop where it is? Upon the whole earth you cannot find a nation, or a millionth part of a nation, except this, who would believe such a thing." v. 19, p. 900. A. D. 1811.

4. "The dollar has risen to 5s. 6d. And why should it not continue to rise? Therefore hoard dollars. v. 19, p. 901.

5. "Is it possible, after all their shufflings off of the day of payment at the Bank, you can still perceive that they will pay at last, though it is clear as daylight, that every new loan, and every issue of Exchequer-bills, add to the long-existing impossibility?" v. 34, p. 83. A. D. 1818.

6. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer has no more the power of causing cash payments to take place, than he has to turn his grey hairs, black." v. 34, p. 96. A. D. 1818.

7. "How is the Bank to get more gold into its coffers, than it now has in those coffers; which, I believe, contain very little? The Bank has nothing to sell or to pawn; and, therefore, it must buy gold with a new issue of notes." v. 34, p. 97. A. D. 1818.

8. "It is absolutely impossible for the Bank to add to its relative stock of gold, except by direct robbery; that is to say, by a robbery committed in South America (not easy), or a robbery committed on the highway and in the houses at home; a dash at the gold haubles and silver spoons." v. 34, p. 102. A. D. 1818.

9. "This day two years, a thousand pounds in stock will not be worth a silver six-pence. v. 34, p. 123. Sept. 18, 1818.

10. "Let him who has money in the funds turn it into Portugal gold, and keep it in that shape. When the blow-up comes, he will, with his gold, purchase an estate four times the value of one that he can now buy with the paper. There is no pity for people who keep their money in the funds after this warning." v. 34, p. 101. A. D. 1819.

11. "If the Bank fellows, with eight millions out, could not face their creditors for four days, how are they to face their creditors now, when they have 28 millions out? Not an ounce of gold can they ever have received since. v. 34, May, 1819.

12. "How is the Bank to face the demands of the sixty-ounce gentlemen? It is true, that nobody but Jews and such like people will go for the 60 ounces; but, they will go for them; and the Bank will be hard-pushed! v. 35, p. 178. Sept. 25, 1819.

13. "It is pretended, that the Bank has the silver in its vaults. It has neither vaults, nor silver, to any amount such as will enable it to face the holders of its notes." v. 34, p. 163. A. D. 1819.

14. "If the Reformers put any money by, let them put it by in their own boxes; and above all things, put it by in silver. The time is not far distant, when a handful of silver will be a little fortune." v. 35, p. 698. Jan. 22, 1820.

15. "The bullion story did not cheat me. I saw clearly that the bul-

lion payments would be, and were intended to be, no payments at all. I knew that the Old Hag had no means of getting any gold worth naming." v. 36, p. 690. May, 1820.

16. "Up to this hour, all my predictions have become true. As to what will happen in May next, if Peel's Bill be not repealed, it is this: people will go to the Bank, get bars of gold, and then take the bars to the Mint; and get sovereigns for them. The Bank shall have me for a customer on May day." v. 38, p. 371. Feb. 1821.

17. "If a man were to hoard a thousand sovereigns, and keep them for not a very long time, they would procure him *four* times as much as he could now purchase with that 1,000 sovereigns." v. 38, p. 373. Feb. 1821.

18. "*Advice to Farmers' Wives*.—You can get silver at present. Put that by. You will shortly find it valuable. Give a pound note and two shillings to get a guinea. Give a pound note and a shilling to get a sovereign. You will soon find that a treasure of Bank notes is very little better than a treasure of cockle-shells, or of leaves of flowers." v. 38, p. 666. March, 1821.

19. "There is a project on foot for making the silver shilling pass for sixteen pence." v. 38, p. 667. March, 1821.

20. "The parliament has a sort of project for enabling the Bank to pay in gold and silver sooner than the 1st of May. I do not much like this. In short, *I think I smell a rat*." v. 38, p. 668. March 1821.

21. "I have just heard a whisper about Tokens. Get the Tokens, if you cannot get coin. Even if they be half brass, or all brass, get them!" v. 38, p. 674. March, 1821.

22. "Very important intelligence, not to be neglected for a moment! I am told, by my little bird (and she never deceives me), that people are selling out of the Funds. I advise every one of you to hoard; for Sovereigns do not eat or drink. I should not wonder if the Bank were to sound in our ear 'stoppage' in six weeks." v. 40, p. 108.

23. "The Bank will, before the meeting of parliament, discontinue to pay in gold. If you have money in the Funds sell it out, and get gold for it." v. 40. Sept. 1821.

24. "Let me exhort you, my good friends, the money-hoarders, to proceed with as much celerity as possible. Only think of the effect of a proposition to reduce the interest on the debt! Down come the Funds! You will never again see 70 gold Sovereigns for 100*l.* of 3 per cent stock! Nay, you will never again see forty gold Sovereigns for that same 100*l.* of stock! Now, mind, it is I, who have been right throughout, who tell you this." v. 40, Nov. 1821.

But the Grand Prophecy—the Prophecy of Prophecies—on the fulfilment of which the Prophet had staked the whole credit of his art, is the following:

25. "*The Boroughmongers have resolved to return to Cash Payments. To resolve is an easy matter; but, if they execute their resolution, though it has now assumed the shape of a law, I will give Castlereagh leave to put me upon a GRIDIRON, while Sidmouth stirs the fire, and Canning stands by making a jest of my writhing and my groans*" v. 35, p. 364. Sept. 24, 1819.

Only look, my friends, at the fourth prophecy in the above list! Why, if, in 1809, any of you had been blockheads enough to hoard dollars, when they were at 5*s.* 6*d.*, you would, by this time, reckoning at compound interest, have actually sustained a loss of more than 5*s.* 6*d.* by every dollar so hoarded! And yet, with the overthrow of all his impudent predictions staring him in the face, the Impostor returns, like a dog, to his filthy vomit, and assures you, that "all his foretellings have been verified to the very letter!" Like Katterfelto, he too has a Familiar, "a little bird that comes chirping,

and never deceives him ;" and when he finds that the Bank is about to do that which he has been asserting it was impossible for it to do, he tells us " he does not like it," and thinks he " *smells a rat*." If you, my friends, do not by this time begin to " *smell a rat*," you richly merit all the opprobrious epithets with which he has loaded you.

The Prophet says, he has been " abused, insulted, scoffed at, for his predictions." Let him thank his stars, he has not yet shared the fate of former deluders. The punishment awarded by the law, to those who shall go about " terrifying and abusing the people with fantastical and false prophecy," is fine, imprisonment, and infamous corporeal punishment. In the seventeenth century, one Simon Forman, a prognosticator of some celebrity in his day, was clapped into Newgate. About the same time, one Timothy Bubb suffered upon the pillory ; and one Doctor Hart, " a comely, stout, ruddy-faced man, who had also been a private soldier," was brought to the bar of the Old Bailey for the like offence. Let Doctor Cobbett look to it ; or the stars may turn towards him with a malignant aspect ! " Forewarned, fore-armed !"

TURN THE FIFTH.

VIRTUE THE FIFTH.—" *That your illustrious Friend, William Cobbett, is as eminent for his Moral Virtues as for his Political Talent, and has never, in the course of his long career, done that which shall encourage people in the Lower Ranks to defraud their Creditors, or set Contracts at defiance.*" v. 16, p. 102.

The Cardinal Virtue of which we have now to treat, was attributed to your " Friend " by the Jack Pudding who introduced him to the Farmers of Huntingdon. As we are intreated to take " nothing on trust," let us inquire a little into the real state of the case.

1. When your " illustrious " Friend, as this pleasant gentleman calls him, escaped to America, in March 1817, the cause of his sudden flight was variously accounted for. By some, it was said to arise from fear of the law ; while others attributed it to a dread of those troublesome personages John Doe and Richard Roe. Your " Friend " confessed it was the former ; and, on his arrival at New York, published an Address to the Americans, assuring them, " there was no truth in the report that he had left England in debt, since he was making, at the time, more than ten thousand a year in clear money." This Address is dated the *Second* of May. On the *Eighth* of May (only six days after) he dispatched a " Register " to England, in which he not only certifies his Readers that he *did* leave England in Debt, but gives the following atrocious Notice to his Creditors :

" I hereby publicly give Notice, to every person with whom I may have any pecuniary engagements, that if they proceed to any acts of legal malice ; that if they give any obstruction to the performance of any thing that may be to my advantage, and that may tend to alleviate in some small degree the blow which the Boroughmongers have given me in a pecuniary way ; I hereby solemnly give Notice to all such persons, be they who they may, that I will not only never pay them one single farthing, if I should have heaps of money, but that, on the contrary, I shall consider them as *aiders and abettors* of the Boroughmongers, and that ~~whenever~~ the *Day of Justice* shall arrive, I will act towards them accordingly." v. 32, p. 480.

2. In December 1817, your " illustrious " Friend, transmitted from

America, a sort of Circular Letter to his Creditors, in which he promulgates the following "New Way to Pay Old Debts :"

"I hold it to be perfectly just, that I should never, in any way
 "whatever, give up one single farthing of my future earnings to the
 "payment of my Debts in England. When the society is too weak,
 "or unwilling, to defend the property, whether mental or of a more
 "ordinary and vulgar species, and where there is not the will or
 "the power in the society to yield him protection, he becomes clearly
 "absolved of all his engagements of every sort to that society ; because,
 "in every bargain of every kind, it is understood, that both the
 "parties are to continue to enjoy the protection of the laws of
 "property."

On the receipt of this impudent compound of craft and dishonesty, sir Francis Burdett, who was a Creditor to a considerable amount, returned the following dignified Answer :

" TO MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

" St. James's-place, Jan. 13, 1818.

"SIR :—I have just received your's of the 20th November, and read
 "carefully, and according to your desire, the enclosure to Mr. Tipper.

"It is not my intention to enter into any controversy, respecting
 "the honesty or dishonesty of paying or not paying debts according to
 "the convenience of the party owing. It seems, that if it should ever
 "suit your convenience, and take nothing from the comforts and en-
 "joyments of yourself and family, such comforts, and enjoyments and
 "means too of distinguishing themselves, as you think they are entitled
 "to—all this being previously secured—then you think yourself bound to
 "pay your debts :—if, on the contrary, that cannot be effected without
 "sacrifices on your and their part, in that case your creditors have no
 "claim to prefer and you no duty to perform. You then stand absolved,
 "*rectus in foro conscientie*, and for this singular reason, because those who
 "lent you their money when you were in difficulty and distress, in
 "order to save you and your family from ruin, were and are un-
 "able to protect you, either against your own fears, or the power
 "of an arbitrary Government, under which they have the misfortune
 "to live, and to which they are equally exposed. These principles, which
 "are laughable in theory, are detestable in practice. That you should
 "not only entertain and act upon, but openly avow them, and blind
 "your own understanding, or think to blind that of others, by such
 "dimmy pretences, is one more melancholy proof of the facility with which
 "self-interest can assume the mask of hypocrisy, and by means of the
 "weakest sophistry, overpower the strongest understanding. How true
 "is our common law maxim, that 'no man is an upright judge in his
 "'own cause ;' how truly and prettily said by the French, '*La Nature*
 "*se pipe* ;' nor less truly, though more grossly in English, 'Nature's
 "her own Bawd !'

"In expressing my abhorrence of the principles you lay down for your
 "conduct, and concerning which you challenge my opinion a little unfairly,
 "considering the ridicule with which you at the same time threaten to over-
 "whelm the unfortunate wight who presumes to differ from them, I do not
 "desire that you should act upon any other with regard to me : I should be
 "sorry your family were put to any inconvenience on my account : I shall
 "however exceedingly rejoice, upon both our accounts, should your circum-
 "stances ever prove so prosperous as to enable you to discharge your debts,
 "without infringing upon those *new principles* of moral obligation you have
 "adopted, and which, for the first time since the commencement of the
 "world, have, I believe, been, though frequently acted on, openly promul-
 "gated. As to complaint or reproach, they are the offspring of weakness
 "and folly : *disdain* should stifle them ; but nothing can or ought to stifle

"the expression of disgust, which every honest mind must feel at the want of integrity in the principles you proclaim, and of feeling and generosity in the sentiments you express.—I am, Sir, &c. "F. BURDETT."

Any observations of mine would tend to weaken the impression which must have been made on you, by the perusal of this admirable castigatory epistle. As you must be anxious to know what sort of Reply your "illustrious" Friend gave sir Francis Burdett, we will proceed to his next Cardinal Virtue.

TURN THE SIXTH.

VIRTUE THE SIXTH.—*That your illustrious Friend, William Cobbett, the Atlas of England, and the Great Enlightener of the People, is no Demagogue.*"

The "Great Enlightener of the People" has himself given us the following picture of a Demagogue :

First. "A Demagogue, that is to say, a true Demagogue, when he finds himself opposed by facts or arguments, which he can neither controvert nor set up any plausible answer to, is sure to fall foul of his adversary; that is to say, to load him with all sorts of abuse; to impute motives to him which he knows he never entertained; and to expose him if possible to utter ruin, and even to personal destruction.

Second. "But, the sure and certain mark, by which you will know a true Demagogue, is this: though he is excessively malignant and loud in his abuse; though he rages and foams like a storm, while he is assailing his adversary; he is as cowardly as he is unjust and cruel, and always takes special care to make his attacks behind the back of that adversary! Oh! how big and bold he looks! How he swaggers! How pompously he talks! But, put him in the face of that adversary; let him meet him foot to foot, and he sinks down his head, and hides his face, as if it were pelted at with mud or rotten eggs." v. 32, p. 157.

1. We have here a description of a Demagogue, drawn by your Friend's own hand. Let us see whether every tittle of it does not apply to his own conduct towards sir Francis Burdett—whether, "finding himself unable to set up any plausible answer" to the honourable baronet's Letter, he has not proceeded to load him "with all sorts of abuse;" to "impute motives to him which he knows he never entertained;" and to "expose him to utter ruin and even to personal destruction." In 1816, your "Friend" represented sir Francis as "learned, eloquent, and public-spirited"—as modest, gentle, kind, and generous—and as being "totally destitute of pride, vanity and selfishness." But, the moment this stinging epistle reaches him in Long Island, unable to set up "any plausible answer," he falls to loading the honourable baronet with "all sorts of abuse," and, in the space of one little volume, describes him as a "double dealer," a "selfish conceited fellow," a "shilly-shally man," a "kneaded clod," a "piece of hypocrisy," "a thing made up of other men's talents," and a "swaggering Trinculo." "I will," he says, "strip the calf: I will pluck the jackdaw: I will undress the Crown and Anchor doll. I will give the world a full-length portrait of a monster of meanness, hypocrisy, perfidy, and ingratitude. I will knock him to pieces, as the man did his wooden god in the fable. I will beat him and thump him about, and kick

"him up and down and to and fro." v. 34, pp. 364, 415. And, thinking that all this might not be sufficient, he adds, "I shall give the base Baronet "one more blow; and if he, when he has got that, do not, in a cross-road's grave, seek refuge from the scorn of mankind, he will prove himself more "insensible than brass or marble." p. 1081. "Stop a bit: when I get home, "this skulking gentleman shall do something. The *private* affairs I will "settle with him *distinctly*. Let him take care of himself."

2. Having read these brutal attacks upon sir Francis Burdett, and observed "the big looks, the swaggers, and the pompous talk" of your Friend "behind the back of his adversary," you must be dying with curiosity to know the steps he took when he met that adversary "foot to foot." Well, then! Your Friend landed at Liverpool in November 1819, and, on his arrival in town, he commissioned a gentleman to acquaint sir Francis, that he was ready to bury all the past in oblivion, *provided*, (I quote the precise words) "*the baronet would immediately, and out of his own purse, furnish the means of facilitating the entrance of Mr. Hunt and myself into the House of Commons.*" v. 35, p. 496. The commissioner, finding the honourable baronet's feelings towards Cobbett to be those of utter scorn and abhorrence prudently pocketed his credentials, and returned them to your Friend, "unused, and unseen." Magnanimous Bobadil! to be willing to bury the "wooden god in the fable," the "full-length portrait of a monster of meanness," the "bastings and thumpings," the "cross-road's grave," the "*private affairs*," and even "the large sum of money," all, all in oblivion! This consenting "to bury in oblivion," reminds one of the poor fellow at the gallows, who called out to the spectators: "If I owe any thing to any body present, I freely forgive him; if any body owes me any thing, let him pay my wife."

3. But, in order to discover whether your "Friend" be a Demagogue, that is to say, "a true Demagogue," we have still to see, how he behaves "in the face of his adversary," and whether he "sinks down his head as if it were pelted at with mud or rotten eggs." Well; it so happens, that your Friend has met sir Francis Burdett "foot to foot;" and what his conduct was, you will collect from Mr. Scarlett's Speech on that occasion:

"Think of the Coward, who has been libelling the honourable baronet as he has done by wholesale: but, finding that honourable person now in court, ready to bear testimony against his falsehoods, he so frames his speech, that it may have the effect of appeasing him! I have the pleasure of being acquainted with the honourable baronet; and I will venture to affirm, that sir Francis Burdett, possessing as he does the just pride of one of the first gentlemen of England, and the dignified feelings which belong to his high station, despises the meanness, as much as he did the malice, of this defendant; and that he entertains, if possible, a greater contempt for the apology, than he had at the outset for the libel." Cobbett's Trial, p. 76.

4. But, sir Francis Burdett is not the only gentleman on whom your "Friend," when he finds himself opposed by facts or arguments which he cannot controvert, has heaped the most malignant abuse. My space will only allow me to adduce three or four instances.

The Proprietors and Editors of the Public Journals, having, with scarcely an exception, felt it to be their duty to lay bare his character, are, all in the lump, pronounced to be "three hundred of the basest wretches that ever existed." You are told, that when *his* system of reform shall be adopted, the "hiring crew of Editors will be reduced to beggary, or exalted to the gallows for robbery or theft."

The *Quarterly Reviewers* are "renegadoes, hirelings, bravoos;" and are to answer for their conduct—when his "Day of Justice shall arrive."

The *Edinburgh Reviewers* are styled a "knot of shoeless hirelings," and Edinburgh, "the seat of all that is impudent, mean, corrupt and degrading."

The late Mr. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, having on several occasions stated him to be a foul-mouthed writer, and his scheme for the forging of Bank notes "a diabolical suggestion," your "Friend" unable to disprove the assertion, sets about calling Mr. Perry, a "vile hypocrite;" a "mean, malignant, and mercenary man;" the "most sordid man alive;" a "squinting, down-looking, sallow, doughy and dirty-skinned man;" an "infinitely more mischievous tool of corruption than Stewart or Walter;" and he "wonders the fellow is not ashamed to be seen alive."

"England," he declares, "can never be fit to live in, until STEWART of the 'Courier,' and WALTER of the 'Times,' be called legally to account for their conduct." "These men" he adds, "will have a long account to settle. Stewart must end his career pretty quickly, or I verily believe"—[What do you think is coming, Reader?]"—"*my son William*" (an oaf, if we may believe Mr. Hunt, hardly fit to be trusted without a bib), "is likely to be one of those who will make a charge against him, for what he may be found indebted to the people of England. Their accounts *must* be settled. I would hunt the money in their hands to the last penny." v. 32, p. 548.

5. You must all have read with surprise, the vulgar attacks which have appeared in your "Friend's" paper, on that upright man and eminent advocate, Mr. SCARLETT: but, you will, at once, discover the source of those attacks, when you know that, in the exercise of his duty, Mr. Scarlett had recently occasion to draw the following outline of his character:

"If any thing can paint a man in the light of an enemy, whose malice is carried to the last extremity, and who is incapable of any generous sentiment, as well as devoid of all the feeling of a gentleman and a man of honour, it is the conduct which Mr. Cobbett has in this cause pursued. What has become of his great promises? How comes it, that he has begun by setting forth upon this record, a justification of all the infamous charges which he has heaped upon the plaintiff, and that, in the end of the cause, we have nothing on his part, but a pitiful, dastardly attempt to prove that he is not himself, forsooth, the author of the libels? He, in fact, adds, by this conduct, to the baseness of all his calumnies; and thereby shows, in addition to his libellous disposition, a pitiful character, a cowardly weakness. So then! it is reserved for this 'Great Enlightener of the People,' to set the example of putting his infant children forward, to stand between him and any danger likely to arise from his own imprudence, or his own crimes! Of the cruelty of such an idea entering into the human mind—not to say the mind of a father—I have met with no similar instance. This is a specimen of the bold, the courageous, the patriotic Mr. Cobbett; who not only libels all mankind; when he can gain any thing by it, but, when he is likely to lose by it, puts forth his children between himself and the vengeance of the person libelled—his children, who have no property to answer in damages, and upon whom he perhaps thinks (it is charity to believe it of him) that the humanity of an offended prosecutor might prevent the infliction of imprisonment! Gentlemen! such a fraud deceives itself; such an iniquity works out its own undoing."

"I shall not be diverted by any allusion to myself this day, nor by any fear of a future attack from the resentment of Mr. Cobbett, from my duty to the gentleman whom I here represent. Truth is no obstacle to Mr. Cobbett, when his object is to disturb the feelings, or to destroy the character of another man. The circumstances you have witnessed this day, afford a melancholy proof, that his talents are unhappily combined with a nature which renders them a curse instead of a blessing. When the cultivation of letters, and the arts of civilized life, are incapable of softening the natural ferocity of man; when they engender no charity, and inspire no candour, but leave him still a prey to every angry and selfish passion, superiority of intellect, far from being a source of utility or of virtue, leads only to eminence in malice and in mischief. The individual before you, if we may judge of him by his exhibition in this cause, seems not to be a

"subject of moral discipline or restraint. He feels no fear: he apprehends no danger: he is stung by no remorse: he is visited by no touches of conscience. With a contemptuous mockery of your understanding, he affects to believe in dreams. Gentlemen, Mr. Cobbett is no dreamer of dreams, but a dealer in sad realities, when he takes character to pieces, without any regard to truth or honour. I repeat, that *he is fit only to live with savages—he is himself a savage.*" *Cobbett's Trial*, p. 69.

6. Of a piece with his conduct towards Mr. Scarlett, has been your "Friend's" slanders on Mr. DENMAN, her late Majesty's Solicitor General. The officious support which your "Friend," in the way of inflammatory placards, &c, was obtruding upon her Majesty, became matter of just suspicion. At the close of his Summing-up of the Evidence in behalf of her Majesty, Mr. Denman took occasion to observe, that "it was possible, that there might be some Apostles of Mischief, in some corner, lurking to strike a blow at the Constitution, and who might seek to avail themselves of an opportunity for open violence." Your "Friend," well recollecting his memorable libel on the Royal Family published in America, took the expression to himself—and Mr. Denman has ever since been honoured with his vituperations.

Only a few weeks ago, a trial took place in the Court of King's Bench, in which Mr. Denman was of counsel for the venerable Major Cartwright, who had brought his action against the Editor of a small pamphlet, called "*The Book of Wonders.*" In the course of his address, Mr. Denman complained, that the Defendant had "*associated the venerable name of Cartwright, with that of Cobbett—a man, whose writings (if the extracts in that book were real) exhibited a degree of unprincipled audacity, and of profligate and unfeeling depravity, such as no man had ever betrayed before.*" Conscious that the extracts "*are real,*" your "Friend," instead of disproving them, has flown to his old habit of "loading with all sorts of abuse, those whose facts or arguments, he can neither controvert, nor set up any plausible answer to."

TURN THE SEVENTH.

VIRTUE THE SEVENTH.—"*That the illustrious Cobbett has, in no instance, imitated the conduct of those Trading Patriots, who, with Disinterestedness in their mouths, have recourse to Expedients to draw Money out of the Pockets of the People, in the way of Subscription, from the Pounds of the Peer down to the Pence of the Pauper.*" v. 35, p. 735.

We are now coming to matters of high import. The Huntingdon Merry Andrew told his audience, that your Friend "deserved the affections of every honest man for his disinterested Patriotism;" while his brother buffoon of Brighton, called him the "greatest politician of the age." Had he said, the "greatest *trading* politician of the age," he would have been more correct. Let us, however, bring their assertions to the test of fact. Your "Friend" says, "There is nothing too absurd for the people of England to swallow;" and that they are, in this way, "the *grossest* feeders the world ever saw." On this maxim you will find he has uniformly acted; and, by way of illustration, he tells us, and he tells us truly, that "Expedients that would put 'pick-pockets to shame, have been resorted to, to get money out of the pockets of

"the people, in the way of subscription, from the Pounds of the Poor, down to the Pence of the Pauper." These Expedients I shall now briefly detail.

1. Cobbett's Skeleton Expedition.

No greater demonstration of the utter contempt in which any individual held the understanding of the People of England was ever exhibited, than the bringing from America a Skeleton, said to be the Bones of Thomas Paine, in the mercenary hope of making a profitable speculation thereby. The following is Cobbett's own history of this Expedition.

"I have taken up the remains of our famous countryman Paine. I have got together all the authentic materials for a complete history of his Life, Labours, and Death." I have examined all the manuscripts he left behind him. We will honour his name, his remains, and his memory, in all sorts of ways. The Tomb of this Noble of Nature will be an object of pilgrimage with the people. Our expedition set out from New York in the middle of the night, got to the place at peep of day; took up the coffin entire; brought it off to New York; and, just as we found it, it goes off to England. Let this be considered the act of the Reformers of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In their name, we opened the grave; and, in their name, will the Tomb be raised." v. 35, p. 382.

Shortly after this was written, your "Friend" landed at Liverpool with the Skeleton, not "as he found it," but pulled to pieces, and packed up in a trunk with his wearing apparel. It was duly entered at the Custom House; where it seemed to excite the silent horror of the spectators. "There, Gentlemen," exclaimed your "Friend," "are the mortal remains of the immortal Thomas Paine." The Officer, after lifting up several of the Bones, replaced the whole, and passed them. It was given out, that the Skeleton, borne by your "Friend" at the head of the Labourers and Journeymen, was to be paraded about the principal towns in the north of England. On his arrival in London, he gave notice, that he should cause the Skeleton to be "exhibited in the coffin." He also announced, that he proposed to take the Chair at a Meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to celebrate the Anniversary of Paine's Birth, when he would deliver a Discourse "on the merit of Paine compared with the pretended merits of Pitt and Fox," and submit to the company the propriety of instituting "Paine Clubs," throughout the country. All would not do. "Gross feeders" as the people of England may be, the mercenary design was at once seen through, and became the source of unbounded scorn and ridicule. The Dinner was abandoned. The Discourse remains undelivered. "Dastardly Envy," he says, "interfered to prevent the Triumph of Reason." The Landlord refused the Bone Lecturer the use of the Tavern; and the Bone Lecturer, in return, threatened to purchase the Tavern over the Landlord's head. In the House of Peers, Earl Grosvenor asked, "whether any subject had ever been treated with more laughter, contempt, and derision, than the introduction of these miserable Bones?" In the House of Commons, Mr. Wilmot stated, that "the man who had dug up the unhallowed remains, had brought them to this country, for the purpose of stirring up impiety and disaffection, by the exhibition of this wretched mummery." It was asserted, in a letter from Liverpool, that the Importer, had, in his hurry, brought away the remains of a negro. In the public papers, the project was denounced as a "dead-body fraud," a "grave-robbing conceit;" and, the attempt to raise money in such a way, was said to exceed all that had ever been related of Greeks and Sharpers before.

* The Life of Paine will be found in "*The Beauties of Cobbett*." It is really a pleasing piece of Biography, and may be had for six-pence.

2. *Cobbett's Gold Ring Expedient.*

Foiled in his Expedient to transmute the *Bones* into his beloved Gold, the Importer next tried what could be done with the *Hair*—the “ugly uncombed locks,” as he formerly called them—and, accordingly, published the following Notice:

“The Hair of Thomas Paine's head would be a treasure to the possessor; and this hair is in my possession. I intend to have it put into Gold Rings, and to sell them at a guinea a piece, *beyond* the cost of the Gold and the workmanship. These guineas shall be employed, with whatever also shall be raised by Paine himself, in the erection of a monument to his memory. This shall take place when twenty waggon loads of flowers can be brought to strew the road before the hearse. It is my intention, when the Rings are made, to have the workmen with me, *to give out the Hair, and to see it put in myself; then to write, in my own hand, a Certificate, on parchment, and to deliver it with each Ring.* This will be another pretty good test, whether the Remains of the Great Man be despised or not.” v. 35, p. 783.

3. *Cobbett's Expedient for raising £5,000.*

This second Expedient for raising the Supplies was treated with even more contempt than the first. Our Gull-catcher, however, nothing daunted, set about a third; and, on the 6th of January, 1820, he published the following forcible Appeal to the feelings and pockets of the Reformers:

“COBBETT'S FUND FOR REFORM.

“I propose to you, the Reformers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to raise a Fund for furthering the cause of Reform, in a way such as my discretion shall point out. The sum which I think will be required will be FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS; this to be collected amongst you, and lodged in my hands; to be used solely by me, *of course*, and without the *check or control* of any body; and without any one ever having a right to ask me what I am going to do with it. It is my firm conviction, that, with this sum of money at my command, I could do more, in the space of *six months*, for the benefit of the whole nation, than I shall be able to do without it, in the whole course of my life. *I will tell nobody how I intend to employ the money; I will answer no questions put to me upon that subject.* People will conjecture what they please. I will only say this, that I shall never employ it for any private purpose of my own; for the advancement of my own emolument in any shape whatever; and will be guided solely by my most anxious desire to promote the lasting happiness of the people, and the security of the constitution and of the throne of this kingdom. It requires only TWO-PENCE EACH from SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND men and women, to raise the sum required; and *Oh! what Benefits* would arise from those seemingly trifling Two-pences! The money that is spent by the Labouring classes upon the mere foolish article of *Snuff* in one single week, and perhaps in one single day, would more than make up this sum. *Only think* of the enormous sacrifices that I have made! And *only think* of the task which I am now offering to undertake! I will not doubt, that, when thus called upon, you will do your duty. It is useless to call upon others to do great things too, unless you will, every man of you, do some little trifling thing; and, what can well be more trifling, than the abstaining from the use of part of a *pint of Beer*, in subscribing the amount to a fund which you are convinced would be employed in the most judicious and effectual manner for the benefit of the Cause? This is the way for you to act with effect! One meeting of 5,000! will do more than 5,000 meetings of 50,000 men each. In London, and in other large towns, persons who take

"a lead in Societies, or Lodges, or Clubs of Trades, may very conveniently become the depositories of a collection. Other persons may be chosen to receive money in the metropolis and in large towns. And these receivers, *on or before the 6th of February*, will be pleased to forward the amount to me in London, the letters *always being post-paid*. WM. COBBETT." v. 35, p. 568.

4. *Cobbett's Expedient for raising £2,000.*

How much of the five thousand pounds your Friend had extracted from the pockets of the poor Journeymen by the 6th of February, as he was engaged to "answer no questions," we cannot of course tell. On the 9th of February, however, he announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate to represent the city of Coventry in Parliament. He pledged himself to stand the contest, "let who would have the impudence to oppose him;" and gave the following broad hint to the "Industrious Classes," to set about raising Two Thousand Pounds to secure his election:

"My good, honest, and kind country-people—the Industrious Classes—you have long been deceived by artful and interested men. The means of restoration are easy. *If I were in Parliament*, I would point out the means. Not being there, *I will point out none*. My beloved countrymen and country-women, *think of these things!* My Sons are ready to stand or fall with you. Aided by my Sons, I have already made the ferocious cowards of the London Press sneak into silence. But—there is a more advantageous ground to stand on; and that is the House of Commons. There, however, I cannot be, without *your assistance!* What will be the sum required, I cannot exactly say—TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, perhaps; or a little more." v. 36, pp. 21, 34, 79.

5. *Cobbett's Expedient for raising £700.*

As his "beloved countrymen and countrywomen" discovered no great inclination to accept the "means of restoration" thus generously offered; on setting off for the City which he was to represent in Parliament, your persevering Friend dispatched the following "*Circular to Seventy Gentlemen*,"

"London, 25th February, 1820.

"Sir;—You have already heard that I am a Candidate for the City of Coventry. There is a Subscription on foot to defray the lawful expenses; but so short is the time to be allowed us, that I fear that the sum necessary to carry in the outlying voters will not be sufficient, if we rely solely upon the ordinary comings-in of the Subscription. Success is certain, if we raise the money. We shall be, I think, about 700*l.* deficient, at the time when it will be wanted; and the object of this letter is, to obtain your assistance upon this occasion. A letter in the same words as this, is this day dispatched to SEVENTY gentlemen; and if you, together with the rest of the Seventy, send us, each of you, *ten pounds*, I shall, to a certainty, be returned a member for Coventry. I wish to see my country again free and prosperous; and I am convinced that, *in one month*, I should be able to suggest the means of effecting, in a comparatively short time, her complete restoration.—I am, Sir, &c.

"WM. COBBETT."

Such, my worthy friends, have been the abject, the wretched expedients to raise money, resorted to by the man, whom you are told to look up to, as the "greatest moral and political writer of the age!" Would not a man of spirit have rather starved, than endeavoured to wheedle 600,000 Two-pences from poor creatures, whom he himself declares to be "perishing with want"—to be raised, too, by an abridgment of their *Snuff*, their *pot of Porter*, or some other comfort; and, when raised, to be applied to purposes, of which they were for ever to remain ignorant? Surely, surely,

meanness and impudence like this were never before united! Doubtless, you all know the fate of Cobbett's attempt to become a parliament-man. If not, you will find, in the little "Book of Wonders," which the venerable Major Cartwright, has recently brought into such high request, a full and fair account of his memorable transactions in the city of Godiva, from his public entry, down to his private retreat. The result must have convinced the candidate for senatorial honours, of the truth of one of his own maxims; namely, that "the people of England do not want to see a crew of shabby Mountebanks seated on the benches of the Parliament House."

TURN THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE THE EIGHTH.—*"That the illustrious Cobbett has ever shown himself as Merciful as he is Brave, and that, throughout his immortal Writings, no instance of cowardly Malice, or of Incitement to Assassination, can be found."*

It must strike you, my good friends, with surprise, that the motley Confederates of the "first moral Writer of the age" should have deemed it necessary to clear his character from the suspicion of cowardly malice, and of incitement to assassination. They are, however, only following their leader. "The foul accusations made against me by the public press are" he says "wholly false. I am represented as a cruel, merciless man. Now, I never struck one of my children in anger in my life." v. 36, p. 30. Again, he asks, "Is there any thing savouring of cowardly malice and cruelty to be found in my Register? Is there any sentiment which would authorize a belief, that the writer would be content to owe the safety of himself or his country to the hand of an Assassin? If there be such a sentiment, from the first page I ever wrote in my life, to that which is now under my hand, I will suffer that hand to be burnt from my body." v. 2, p. 488. The following Extracts from those Writings will enable you to answer his question, when he next comes among you.

1. In the peculiar malady of his late majesty, there was, you well know, that which produces a more than ordinary degree of compassion in every serious mind. The affliction under which he suffered, for many years, was the greatest that can befall human nature; and he who can think of it with feelings of levity is less than man. The subject is nevertheless thus treated by the "moral" and "humane" Mr. Cobbett:

"I was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000*l.* to the King! Aye, to the King! I have three sons; and, if any one of them ever forgets this, may he that instant be—not stricken dead; but, worse than that; bereft of his senses! May he become both rotten and mad. May he, after having been a gabbling, slaving, half idiot, all the prime of his life, become, in his last days, loathsome to the sight, and stinking in the nostrils. c. 22, p. 90."

Again,

"As it might be gratifying to the Author of the Boston 'Centinel' to be able personally to tender his homage to the Sovereign, if he will take the pains to come to England, I will undertake to procure him an introduction into the palace; but would advise him to prepare his head for a salutation with a *poker*, in the use of which his majesty is said to be uncommonly adroit: to that degree, indeed, that the

"people of Windsor, when they see any one with his head tied up, call him a 'Knight of the Poker.'" v. 30, p. 376. A.

2. Speaking of the unfortunate Mr. Muir, he exclaims:

"The miscreant Muir has lost one eye. So far so good. But, he should have lost two. He was a fine rosy-gilled fellow, when he stood, like an impudent villain as he was, and dared the Court of Session in Scotland. He has now got the marks of liberty and equality—an empty purse, lank sides, and a mutilated face. A thousand blessings on the ball that caused his wounds! He may now read his sin in his punishment; for, like Cain, he is 'marked, and a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth.' So much for vain and disappointed ambition! Read this, ye Democrats, and pause and ponder, and ponder and pause. v. 7, pp. 162, 266.

3. The melancholy death of the excellent sir Samuel Romilly, is thus turned into ridicule:

"What need we to care about the cause of the death of Romilly—a man whose life was of no consequence to the country; whose talents were of no use to us; and about whom such a loud howl has been set up by the prime hypocrites of the day. The death of this unfortunate lawyer, and happening in such a way, seems to have puzzled the swarm of canters, of whom he was the great leader. v. 34, pp. 923, 948.

4. In July 1818, Cobbett wrote thus from America:

"My dear Hunt; pray write me word about Gibbs. I hope he is not dead. If I hear of his death, I shall say with Macbeth 'there would have been a time for him to die hereafter.'" v. 34, p. 180.

And, when sir Vicary Gibbs's decease did take place, your "moral" and "humane" Friend inserted the following brutal paragraph in his Evening Post:

"With sincere regret we announce the death of Sir Vicary Gibbs. Though this viperous man lived to see himself as insignificant as he was infamous, yet, for the purposes of justice, he should have lived longer. However, we cannot help the dispensations of Providence; and we must console ourselves with the reflection that, having escaped justice here on earth, he is now in the hands of him to whom such spirits are consigned! Feb. 9, 1820.

5. The following is the way in which the Assassination of Mr. Perceval is spoken of by Cobbett:

"Amongst the mass of the people, the Assassination of Perceval has been a subject of great joy. Alas, how fleeting are human triumphs! He was not able to protect himself against a little bit of lead scarcely surpassing in bulk a knot in a cat-o-nine-tails." v. 21, p. 626.

6. I have already mentioned the horrid death he denounced against sir Francis Burdett:

"Well, then, the base Baronet is exposed at last. I had him on the agonising rack; and you" [Cartwright] "have given him the coup-de-grace. I shall give him one blow more; and if he, when he has got that, do not, in a cross-road's grave, seek refuge from the scorn of mankind, he will prove himself more insensible than brass or marble." v. 24, p. 1081.

7. As to the expediency of assassinating Buonaparte, he puts this query:

"If a French Royalist were to plunge a dagger into Buonaparte's bosom, and rid the earth of a monster who has destroyed thousands of persons, and spread desolation over her surface, who would dare to censure such an act, or to brand it as assassination?" P. No. 250.

8. Speaking of the Duke of Wellington, he says:

"It is rumoured that the French have attempted the life of Wellington and his staff! It is high time that France, to save her name from

"everlasting infamy, did something to get rid, at any rate, of these insulting plunderers!" v. 30, p. 812. A.

9. *Cobbett's Plan for Ameliorating the Severity of our Criminal Code.*—The following is the mode of punishment which your "Friend" has selected for the unfortunate Bank Directors, when his "Day of Justice" shall arrive:

"The Bank Directors have violated their charter. They have, by acts of fraud wholly without a parallel, ruined hundreds of thousands of families; and they merit, not only to be made to disgorge, but to undergo the most infamous of corporal punishment. I would take from them all that they have gained by their frauds. I would make each of them to ride on a horse with his face to the tail, to stand in the pillory, to have his ears cut off, and to be imprisoned for life. I would, in addition to the above, have their Noses slit, and the letters B. S. (Bank Swindler) burnt in each Cheek of every man of them." v. 34, p. 1069.

And, this is the man, my honest friends, who tells you, he will "suffer his hand to be burnt from his body, if any thing savouring of malice or cowardly cruelty can be found in his Writings!"

TURN THE NINTH.

VIRTUE THE NINTH.—"That the illustrious Cobbett has never endeavoured to teach his Disciples the Arts of Fraud and Forgery, or to give that turn to their minds which, in the end, must lead them to the Gallows." v. 16, p. 102.

Surely, this ninth Virtue is of rather a negative description! One wonders how the words could have been uttered with a grave countenance. Yet uttered they were; and the Buffoon at Huntingdon pledged his honour to the company, that the "illustrious" Cobbett "deserved the affections of every honest man." To set this boasted Virtue at rest, I will give you, in his own words, a short history of

Cobbett's Plan for the Forgery and Sowing of Bank Notes.

This Plan is scattered throughout sundry Registers, written while he was living in America. The following Extracts will be sufficient for our purpose:

1. "If the nation should, one of these fine mornings, find itself amidst abundance of Bank-notes, picked up in the streets, or taken out of post-letters, who, from that day forth, would ever take a Bank-note? Who is to detect the utterer? Let us suppose 200,000*l.* in notes of various amounts, to be all prepared for delivery in London only. On the evening previous to the night of scattering, a good large supply might go off, in various directions, to persons known to be, or likely to be, in want of money, by the two-penny and general post. During the night (a long and dark one) a single man would supply half London. But, why not five or six men? There are plenty of men who can trust each other. The means are graving tools, price five shillings, perhaps. A printing apparatus that a man may keep in a cubic foot of space. Some paper. And the operator's own dwelling house." v. 34, p. 17.
2. "Any engraver, who can imitate a Bank note, may puff out the Bank Bubble. When a sufficient quantity of the notes is ready, the maker or contriver has prepared as many post-letter cases as he chooses; and,

"the day being arrived, he sends off a packet in each. These would go to tradesmen and others, who would, of course, pass the notes thus conveyed to them. But, the great and efficient out-let would be the streets of the metropolis. During a night of November, the whole of London might be amply supplied. One man would take the Tower way, another Spital-fields, another St. Giles's, and so on. The Droppers would take care to drop in places where destruction from feet of men or of horses could not be likely to happen, and in white paper wrappers, to catch the eye. Into alleys and long populous streets of the smaller size, the greater part of the parcels would probably be thrown. In the morning, the far greater part of the notes would be found; and, before noon, one-half of them would be expended. To avoid the glaring appearance of new notes in the hands of labouring people, any proportion of the quantity might be smoked, or otherwise made to appear old. In about a day, many of the notes would reach the Bank; and, besides, rumours would fly about, that many parcels of notes had been found. This would be pretty nearly enough. A general panic would prevail. In 48 hours not a note would pass. The mails would carry the news to the Land's end. A dread, such as never was before heard of, would spread over the country like lightning. The object enchants by its grandeur! However, I shall neither do the thing myself nor advise others to do it; but content myself with saying, *that I think it likely it will be done.*" v. 34, p. 221.

3. "I have the Paper-Puff-Out to think about, and perhaps to act relating to. This thing will assuredly take place. Mind, I tell you so." v. 34, p. 486. "My letters from England to the 11th Dec. anticipated a speedy blowing-up of the whole thing. I, for my part would not give a York Six-pence for a *Two Pound Bank of England note!*" —*New York Paper.* "By only a couple of paragraphs in the American papers, I have given Bank of England notes a death-blow. I have brought them down to 50 per cent discount; and, such measures are in train, as will make a Pound note not worth a copper. I saw several Bank notes sold last week for two dollars a piece, and well sold too!" v. 34, p. 1047. "Rather than pass for a Liar in New York, I would lose my life." v. 35, p. 443.

4. "Suppose me to be capable of forging notes—why need I expose myself, or any body else, in the uttering of them. What have I to do, but to forge a parcel, place them in the street; tell my brother where they will be: he finds them, and takes care to have some one with him when he finds them: he then passes them; and, if traced back to him, proves that he found them. I might, for lack of a brother, or trusty friend, find my pocket-book or parcel myself, and having a witness, prove that I found it. The making of large quantities of notes, and sowing them in the streets by night, is the most efficient of all the modes of attack." v. 34, p. 1074.

You have here, in brief, the "honest" Mr. Cobbett's Infallible Receipt for bringing his "Disciples" to the gallows. Let me intreat you, my worthy friends, to read the last of the above Extracts, over and over again; and to bear in your recollection, that it was written when he was out of the reach of the English law, and was meant to be read by Labourers and Journeymen, under the power of that law, and exposed to the strong temptations of poverty and distress. Only conceive the case of a poor, wretched man, who may have acted on the diabolical suggestions here thrown out! He commits the capital crime of Forgery to begin with. He exposes his life to the vengeance of the law. He lives in perpetual terror, from the moment he embarks in this dreadful course. And, this horrid state of existence, the Tempter to the crime calls "BUT to forge a parcel." This cold, heartless "BUT" makes one shudder at the callousness of the wretch by whose pen it could be written. What is the next temptation? "Place them in the street." After Forgery.

causes Fraud. The poor man is to steal from his home with the profits of his guilt upon him, and to pace the streets, until he finds a place where his fatal load may be deposited. Having deposited the parcel somewhere, he is next to find somebody to accompany him again to the spot, in order to prove (on oath, of course) that he found it. So, he himself knowing the fact to be false, is to induce another person to commit Perjury. Thus, you see how the catalogue of crimes recommended by the Impostor, increases as we proceed. The false and fraudulent finding may, he tells us, be effected, not by the original forger, but by his "*brother, or trusty friend!*" Good God! is it possible for the heart of man to conceive villainy greater than this? I am to draw my own neck from the halter, and to thrust into it that of my "*brother, or trusty friend!*" What a comment does this furnish on his exposing his Sons to the punishment from which he himself shrinks, so ably noted by Mr. Scarlett! He takes great pains to tell you, that he will not "do the thing himself." Now, I have to assure you, on the authority of Mr. Egerton Smith, the Proprietor of the Liverpool Mercury, and a gentleman of the highest integrity and honour, that he is in possession of PROOF, that "*if Cobbett did not take an active part in realizing his darling Scheme, it was because a quendam friend in America refused him the requisite supplies.*" When the impostor next comes among you, surely some one of you will get up, and ask him, whether he penned the above Extracts! Should he stand mute before the inquiry, or endeavour to insult your understandings, by any shuffling excuse for Fraud, Perjury, and Forgery, the mask has fallen off—*you know your Man!*

TURN THE TENTH.

VIRTUE THE TENTH.—"*That the illustrious Cobbett has*
"in no instance, promulgated Plans of a Levelling nature;
"but has constantly been labouring to prevent the Over-
"throw of the Nobles, and the Confiscation of their
"Estates." v. 37, p. 1599.

To enable you to come to a correct judgment on the "illustrious" Cobbett's remaining Virtues, I must here inform you, that, in 1816, he set about publishing two editions of his Register; one in London, and the other at New York. In addition to what appeared in the English Register, the American edition contained certain articles which, as he himself tells us, he "*dared not publish in England.*" They appear to have been written in the full confidence, that his unnatural predictions of utter ruin to the Government and Institutions of his native country, were on the very eve of their accomplishment. They are addressed to the People of America; and the Patriot states it to be his object, to "remove the error of those persons in America, who are ignorant enough to think well of England, and of Englishmen." He tells the Americans, that he "never laughed so much in his life, as he did at seeing the distress of the Hampshire Farmers and Landlords." The mischief, however, which the callous-hearted Impostor was preparing for others, has fallen upon his own head. The "*bloody instructions*" have found their way back to this country, "to plague the Inventor;" and, "even-handed Justice" is now commanding "the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to his own lips." So true is it, that "he that soweth iniquity reapeth vanity."

Now, mark, my friends, the conduct of this detestable hypocrite. In a Letter to Earl Grey, published in his English Register, for Dec. 1821, he tells the noble Earl, he has been "constantly labouring to prevent the overthrow of the Nobles, and the Confiscation of their Estates." Can words be more distinct in their meaning than these? On opening his American

Register, I nevertheless find, at p. 732, a distinct Project for the Confiscation of the Estates of the Nobles; and, in particular, the Estate of the identical Earl Grey to whom his Letter is addressed. The whole Article, which is dated "Botley, 8th June 1816," is of too frightful a nature to be published. The following short Extract from the part which relates to Earl Grey, will speak volumes. After piling heaps of abuse on the ancestors of the noble Earl, he goes on to say:

"The Great Estates possessed by Earl Grey, and Earl St. Vincent; what are they, but lands which did belong to persons who have, at different times, been compelled to sell their Estates? These two men are, in fact, possessors of Estates which they have plundered from the people of England. These two noble Peers became the Lords of many Manors, and have whole troops of tenants, instead of being very obscure persons, as their fathers were. AND, IS IT TO BE SUPPOSED, THAT THEY WILL BE ALLOWED TO KEEP THIS PLUNDER!!!"

The attack on the present Lord-Chancellor, and his brother, Lord Stowell, is of the most sanguinary description. The Estates of the Earl of Darlington, will, the Calculator thinks, "bring in Two Millions of money!" You now see, my good friends, what a set of lying knaves the men must be, who could have the impudence to assure you, that "the 'illustrious' Cobbett has constantly been labouring to prevent the overthrow of the Nobles, and the Confiscation of their Estates."

TURN THE ELEVENTH.

VIRTUE THE ELEVENTH.—"That in no one of the Forty Volumes of the illustrious Cobbett's Writings, can there be found a single essay, the fair construction of which can be called an Incitement to hate or condemn the Royal Office and Authority, or any part of the Royal Family." v. 32, p. 171.

The "illustrious" Cobbett tells us, that "good is always done when a base Hypocrite is exposed." The Brighton Merry Andrew, in introducing the Mountebank to the company, impudently connected the name of the Sovereign, with that "of their distinguished guest:" and, "the distinguished guest," in the course of his harangue to the motley group assembled to meet him, challenged any living mortal "to find, in any part of the forty volumes of his Register, a single sentence reflecting on the Sovereign, or any branch of the Royal Family." I accept the challenge. And, to exhibit the Hypocrisy of the man in all its odiousness, I will contrast, in opposite columns, the pretended Loyalty of his English Register, with the traitorous Attacks on the Royal Family contained in his Register printed in America.

Cobbett's English Register.

1. If any person can find in my Register, one single incitement to hate or condemn the Royal Office and authority, I will confess myself to be a traitor, and consent to suffer all the pains and penalties of the law accordingly. v. 32, p. 171.

Cobbett's American Register.

How impudent is the assertion that Englishmen owe the enjoyment of their liberties to this Family! Just as if our liberties had been, or ever can be, owing, in any degree, to a set of beggarly Germans being put up on the throne," v. 30, p. 319.

Cobbett's English Register.

2. As to any part of the Royal Family, what a shame it is to insinuate, that I have ever endeavoured to excite the hatred of the people against them! I have avoided every thing having such a tendency. v. 32.

3. I have faithfully and zealously served, honoured, and obeyed his majesty; and if it should please God to deprive us of his inestimable life, though fifteen millions of people would be plunged into the deepest sorrow, no one living would mourn more severely than myself. v. 5. p. 254.

4. The Reformers have aimed no shafts against the character or conduct of the Regent, or against any of his family. v. 32, p. 210. Let me express my satisfaction, that they have avoided all attacks upon the King and his Family. It is not that Family who oppress us. v. 34, p. 693.

5. It is not the expenses of any of the family that press so heavily upon us. We should not be duped by those who hold the Royal Family up as a sort of shield to protect themselves against the complaints of the people. v. 32, p. 211.

6. We have no quarrel with the King, or with his Family, or any thing that is lawful. v. 34, p. 682.

7. When have I expressed a wish hostile to the King's person, authority, prerogatives, or family? In the hour of danger to his person or his throne, I should, I trust, be found ready to hazard my life. v. 15, p. 817. No man can go farther than I am willing to go, in expressing abhorrence at any acts aimed against the person or character of the Prince Regent. v. 32.

8. Whence proceed the unmanly hints, that I am the great propagator of discontent, disobedience to the laws, disaffection to the constitution, and disloyalty to the King? v. 35, p. 446. Of my duty and allegiance to the Prince Regent, no man can entertain a higher idea than myself. v. 34, p. 709. I owe a duty to my King, and I have discharged that duty faithfully hitherto. v. 39, p. 413.

9. Do I, or does any man, dare say, that the King stands in the way

Cobbett's American Register.

A beggar may be an Englishman; whereas the Guelphs have not a drop of English blood in their veins, except that which they may have derived from the taxes under which the people groan. v. 30, p. 78.

It is very degrading to us, that we should suffer ourselves to be unmercifully plundered by this German crew. The princess Charlotte is a *fat, coarse-featured young woman, with thick lips and white looking eyes*. What a shame, to see a people like this truckling at the feet of these contemptible creatures! v. 30, p. 576.

The King and Queen have between them more than three millions in the funds. The King is insane. He is treated like any other violent madman, the *beating* part not excepted. Poor man! he has no friends, except his own family, and his and their menial servants! v. 30, pp. 172, 375.

What a shame, what a disgrace, what an offence against morality, and what an insult to the character of man, is it, that this race of beings should wallow in luxury at the expense of a nation of industrious people! v. 30, p. 544.

The common people do not hate the Royal Family; they despise them too much to hate them. v. 30, p. 172.

That great, fat, unwieldy being, the Prince Regent, has, for many months, been in such a state, that it has been impossible to lay before him the names of the persons condemned to death at the Old Bailey? *I much question, whether the man knows any thing at all about his daughter's being about to be married*. v. 30, p. 318.

The Regent is not *absolutely mad*: but, there is a serious discussion going on, whether a regent ought not to be appointed in his stead. The common talk in London is, that he is really mad, and the unreserved and unconcerned way in which people do talk of it would surprise any one not accustomed to observe the treatment of this unfortunate and stupid family of foreigners. v. 30, p. 254.

It may be asked, and not without reason, why a man, situated as the

Cobbett's English Register.

of our happiness? God forbid that we should make use of words like these; but, if we were to do it, should we escape a charge of High Treason? v. 36, p. 1187.

Cobbett's American Register.

Prince Regent is, should wish to live at all? Very true; it is a life of disgrace, and would be insupportable to a man of spirit. v. 30, p. 374.

Is not this, I demand of your honest hearts, hypocrisy of the rankest hue? A man must be a perfect idiot who does not now see the drift of the Brighton Meeting. Execrable as are many of these Extracts, I am confident I need make no apology, in any honourable quarter, for copying them into my little Manual. The Liberty of the Press would indeed be a farce, if a writer were not thus allowed to hold up profligacy to the detestation of his honest countrymen. Such an attempt to abridge the fair exercise of that palladium of our rights has never been attempted *but once*; and, then, coming as it did, from a man who has, over and over again, for the last fifty years, been telling us, in pamphlets and in speeches, that the Press was a "chartered libertine," and ought to be "as free as the air we breathe," it excited an equal portion of surprise and disgust.

TURN THE TWELFTH, AND LAST.

VIRTUE THE TWELFTH, AND LAST.—*"That it has been the labour of the illustrious Cobbett's life, to uphold the Institutions of the Country, and, without Burnings or Plunderings, without Devastation and shedding of Blood, to bring about the Day of Law, of Truth, and of Justice."*

Happily, I have arrived at the last Cardinal Virtue of the "illustrious" Cobbett. It is a melancholy thing to see an old man play the Buffon. One of the Confederates, in whom grey hairs do not seem to have been accompanied by wisdom, apparently anxious to out-herod Herod, and to throw far in the back-ground his brethren of Huntingdon, Chichester, Brighton, and elsewhere, has recently stepped forward, and designated the Impostor as, "a Mighty One, raised up by Providence, as a Light, a Guide, and a Leader to Freedom and Prosperity." With the "Mighty One's" own description of the sort of "Freedom and Prosperity" to which his Principles would lead us, and the "Light" which he is desirous of shedding throughout England, I shall close this Twelfth and Last Turn of our Gridiron. We have all heard a great deal of his "Day of Justice." What that "Day of Justice" is, you shall now learn, from the following Extract from his American Register:

"If any serious alarm take place with regard to the Funds, half London will be in a state of starvation. If that body of half a million of working people and their families are once put into a state of distress, equal to that of the country people at this moment, there will be a speedy end to this tyranny, the head of which being lopped off, the members will cease to move. In London, one hundred thousand hard-fisted men are assembled in an hour. They would not fall upon butchers, bakers, and millers. They would seize the CAUSE by the neck, and twist its head off. There only wants DEEP DISTRESS amongst the working people in London. In case of such a rising, no military would have any effect. St. Stephen's Chapel would be demolished in ten minutes. To destroy the whole thing, root and branch, would not take a DAY. With a HUN-

"DREAD GREAT FIRES blazing all at once, all that the Government would be able to do, would be to flee. Parliament House, Palace, Bank—and ALL, would disappear in four and twenty hours!!! v. 30, p. 604."

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

Such are the Principles, the Precepts, and the Practice of your "Friend" William Cobbett! You have now before you a full-length portrait of the man, drawn by himself. He has called on us "to take nothing on trust;" and we have obeyed the call. The atrocities exhibited in the foregoing pages have been indelibly engraved on his forehead by his own skilful hand. "When you hear," he says, "a man talking big, and hectoring about projects which go farther than a Radical Reform of Parliament, be you assured, that that man would be a second Robespierre if he could; that he would sacrifice the life of the very last man of you; and that he would ride upon the shoulders of some, through rivers of the blood of others, for the purpose of gratifying his own selfish and base and insolent ambition." v. 31, p. 456. And, do you not, my worthy friends, think you discover, in every page of this Manual, projects which go farther than a Radical Reform of Parliament? After having read the three last Turns of our Gridiron, can you, for a moment, doubt, that your "Friend" would, if he could, ride upon the shoulders of some, through rivers of the blood of others, for the purpose of gratifying his own selfish and base and insolent ambition? Let me earnestly intreat you, to think of these things; for they concern, not only yourselves, but the honour, the character, and the very existence of your country. Convince him, by your conduct, when he next comes among you, that he can never hope to succeed in his endeavours to convert British Farmers into a Band of Blood-hounds. Attentively listen to what he has to put forth, by way of answer, to the Twelve Articles of Impeachment here exhibited against him, in the name of the insulted People of England. Watch his conduct narrowly. If you find him relapsing into his old habit, of vilifying those "whose facts or arguments he can neither controvert nor set up any plausible answer to," the Impetator will stand confuted. He boasts loudly of his labours, to secure the lasting happiness of his "beloved country." Be you assured, that if England were "happy," Othello's occupation would be gone. Your distresses are his daily bread. His Confederates too, talk of the "Light" which he has diffused amongst you. Let me remind you, that "there is a species of knowledge, which may be complimented with the name of Light, but which is, in truth and in fact, nothing but Darkness visible, and a thousand times more dangerous than the blindest and most credulous ignorance."

I have put this little Manual together, under a strong impression, that the circulation of it throughout the country, would, at the present moment, be of some service. And, I acknowledge I shall be disappointed, if men of all parties and classes in society, and more especially the gentlemen connected with the Provincial Press, should not, on the present occasion, step forward, for the purpose of giving it all the currency in their power. What the real remedies for your present distresses may be, it is not my object to enquire. Of one thing, however, I am certain—that you never can become a free, a prosperous, a happy, and a virtuous people, but by resisting as religiously as you would "the Devil and all his Works," every temptation to adopt, or act upon the Principles and Precepts and Practice of your pretended "Friend"—WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE END.

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